Snakecharmer

Ottmar Liebert

Satellites and pair of mirrors and
And a man without a home
With a horse and a rider
And a clever cunning killer
Silent in error and
Vocal in spotlights
Lying always, sucking on a bottle of
That sweet indulgent fluid
Oh greed, oh yes
Oh greed, oh yes
Oh greed, oh yes
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
Your friendship is a fog
That disappears when the wind redirects you
Yes you
Father's expectations
Soul soaked in spit and urine
And you gotta make it where?
To a sanctuary that's a fragile American hell
An empty dream
A selfish horrific vision
Passed on like the deadliest of viruses
Crushing you and your naive profession
Have no illusions boy
Vomit all ideals and serve
Sleep and wake and serve
And don't just think just wake and serve
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah, your friendship is a fog
That disappears when the wind redirects you
Interested in you
Interested in you
Interested in you
...

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